

PIONEER

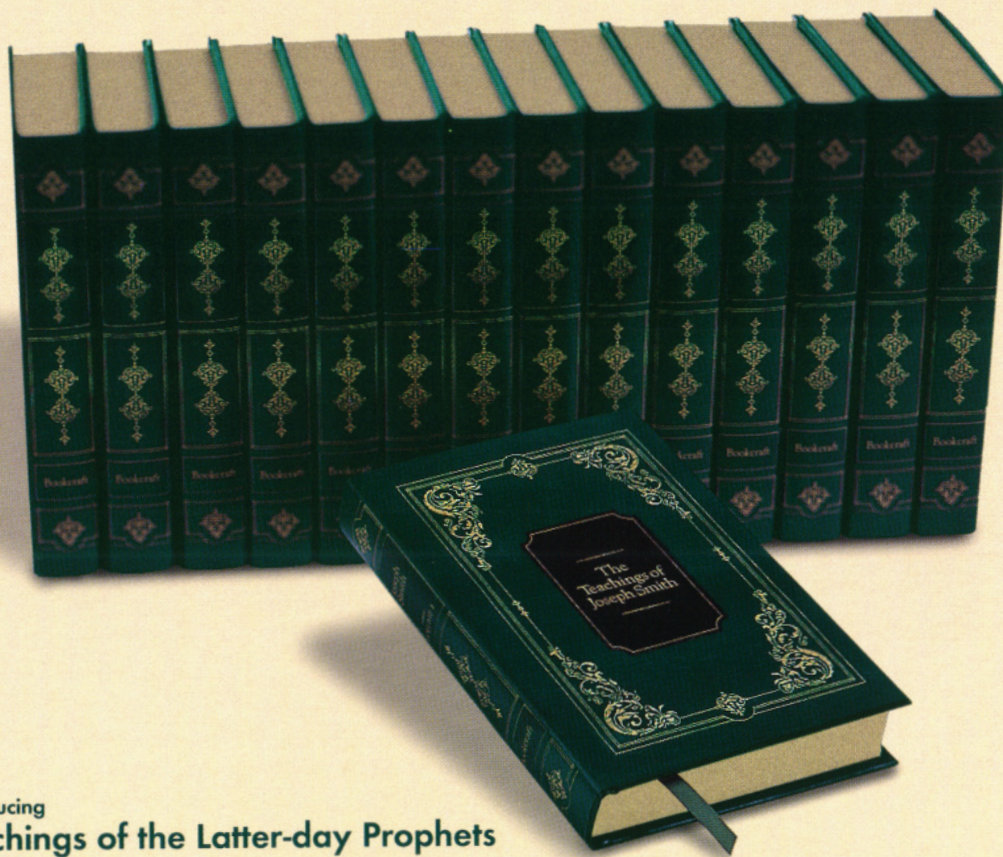
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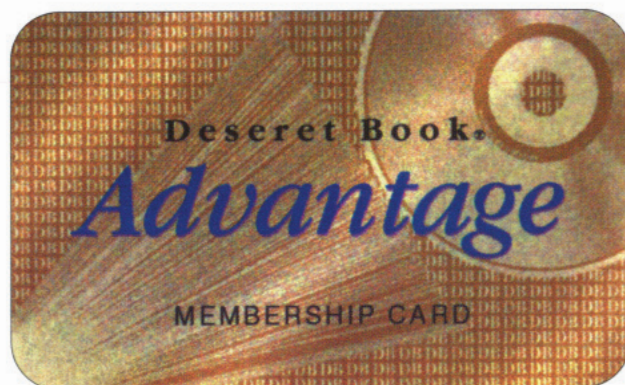
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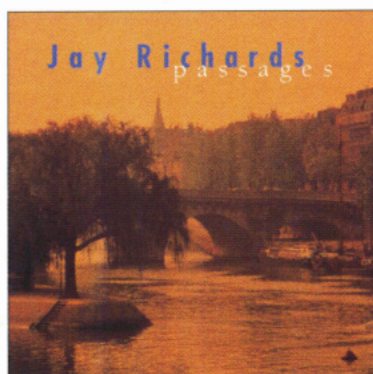
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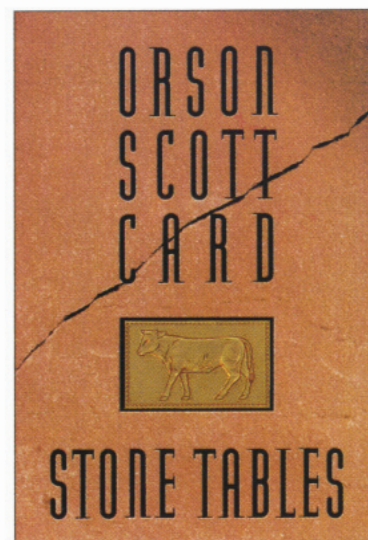
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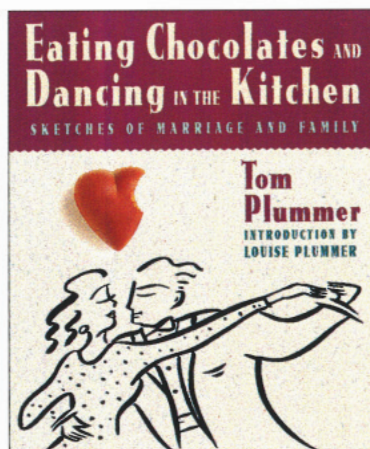
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Gold!

The Impact of the California Gold Rush on Colonial Utah

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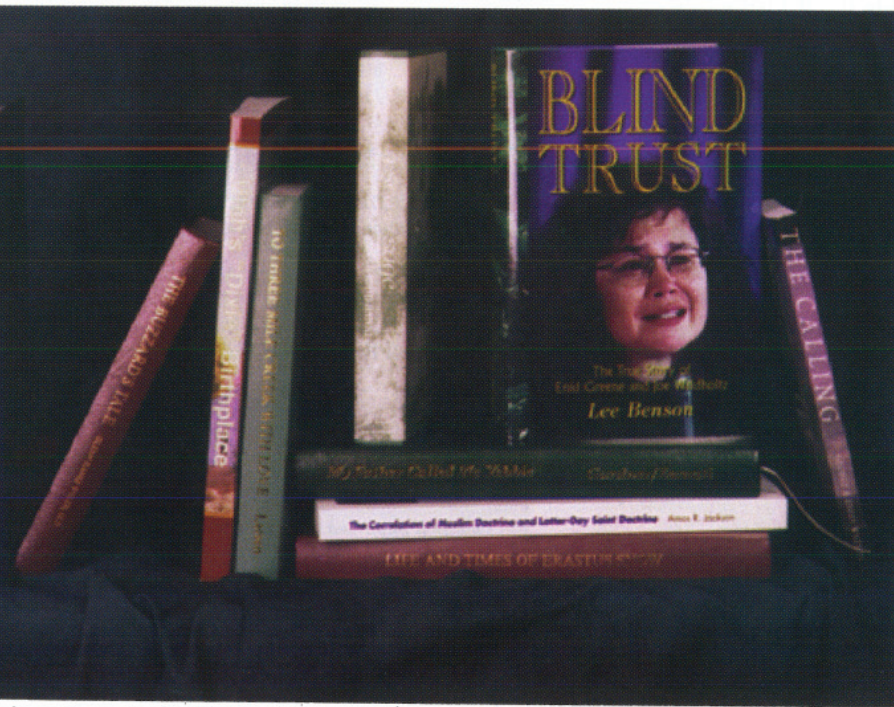
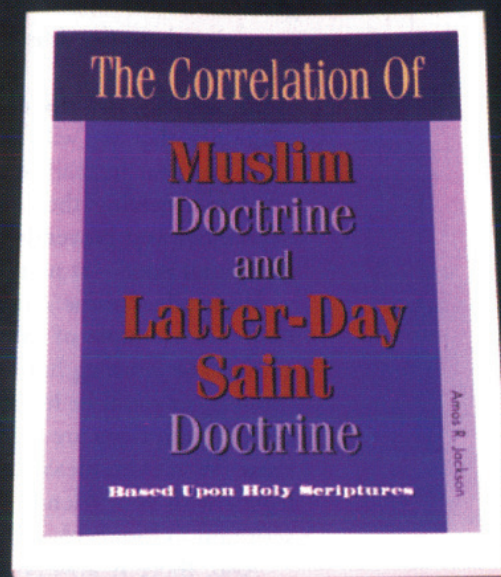
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This issue of Pioneer is the first to be published by a new publishing company, Pioneer Communications, and you may notice a couple of changes in the look of the magazine.

In response to many of your comments and suggestions, we have returned to the full-page cover illustration, which was so popular with readers when Pioneer was reformatted in 1993. We have also renewed our emphasis on the beautiful art pieces and fascinating historical photographs that accompany each article, recognizing that these design elements are often as important as the written word in documenting and understanding the life and lifestyle of Utah's pioneers. And we have attempted to preserve and protect the beauty of the magazine by mailing it to you in a poly bag.

We would also like to draw your attention to a number of new advertisers that are helping the magazine grow to reach more readers. We encourage you to patronize these fine businesses that have given us their support.

In addition to these changes, we are pleased to announce that we will be sending Pioneer to you five times per year instead of four times. You can look forward to receiving the magazine in March, May, July, September and November. We hope you will enjoy the additional issue—at no cost to you.

With all of these changes we are making for you, there are a couple of things you can do for us. We're going to be working hard to cultivate new subscribers to Pioneer, so you'll be hearing from us from time to time. Gift subscriptions are a great way to help the magazine grow. Won't you please consider sharing Utah's pioneer legacy with your friends and family through a gift subscription to Pioneer?

Also, there is always the possibility of errors in our circulation list—particularly in moving the list from one publisher to another. If you or someone you know has not been receiving Pioneer, or if your mailing information is incorrect, please let us know and we will correct the problem immediately. You can call us at (801) 968-0741, or toll free at 1-888-828-2053.

Thank you for your loyal support in the past. We're looking forward to even better things in 1998—and beyond.

BILL CHERRY
Publisher
Pioneer Communications

PIONEER

*A Publication of the
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 Utah Pioneers*

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The National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers honors early and modern-day pioneers, both young and older, for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work, service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity and unyielding determination. Pioneer magazine supports the mission of the Society.

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Making a Commitment, Making a Difference

The past year is behind us, but its great accomplishments are still fresh in our minds.

The Sesquicentennial events still linger in our memories. There was the Nauvoo Trek, the Hilda Erickson Monument dedication and the Leaning into the Light statue dedication at the Joseph Smith Memorial Building. Our 1997 leadership set the stage and laid the foundation for the future accomplishments of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

At the 1997 National Encampment, Elder L. Tom Perry of the LDS Church Quorum of the Twelve Apostles admonished us to be modern and future pioneers, and to find ways to keep alive the memory of those great pioneers who established the Great Basin Kingdom here in the tops of the mountains. So the task is ahead of us to plot our course toward the future and achieve the goals that we have set to improve and expand this great organization. In the words of an old Western saying, we must "forge the iron while it is hot." Or in other words, let us "put our shoulder to the wheel and push along." Each of us has a role to play in building up this organization.

Barbara A. Glanz, a corporate employee trainer, referred to Martin Luther King Jr., who said, "We are challenged on every hand to work untiringly to achieve excellence in our life's work." Then she added: "If a man is called to be a street sweeper, he should sweep even as Michelangelo painted or Beethoven composed music. He should sweep streets so well that all the host of heaven and earth will pause to say, 'Here lived a great street sweeper who did his job well.'" Similarly, we all have an important role to play in the work of the SUP, regardless of what that role is.

There are three areas that we must immediately and diligently address: increase our membership, establish continuing funding for ongoing meritorious programs (such as the scholarship program) and improve our public relations. Each chapter needs to formulate plans to increase its membership so that there will be a substantial net increase in its membership. Each chapter and each member needs to assist the

national SUP in finding ways to have continued income to fund worthy programs and activities. And each chapter needs to plan and organize a public relations program so that people who are not aware of our existence will know and be aware of who we are and what we represent.

Returning to the counsel of Barbara Glanz, she told 3,000 supermarket workers to "add a personal signature to your work. One of the most powerful ways to do this is to do something that differentiates you from all of the other people who do the same thing you do." That also applies to each of us in the SUP. Each member of the organization has unique gifts to contribute to our common cause. Let us begin to expand and enlarge this great organization.

We would do well to follow the example of a young man named Johnny, a supermarket bagger who heard the counsel to make a difference and decided to do something. At home, he asked to use his father's computer. He typed out a thought for the day and printed multiple copies. The next day as he was bagging groceries, he put a copy of the thought in each customer's bag. A month later, the store manager noticed that the line at the register where Johnny was bagging was three times longer than the lines at the other registers. He moved to open more lines, but the customers told him that they wanted to wait and go through Johnny's line because they wanted to get his "Thought of the Day." One woman told him that she used to stop at the store once a week, but now she was coming in more frequently because he wanted to receive Johnny's "Thoughts." Because of Johnny's simple efforts, the store did a much larger volume of business.

By the way, you might be interested in knowing that Johnny suffered from Down's syndrome.

Now, if a boy like Johnny can have that kind of impact on the store where he worked as a bagger, imagine what we can do—individually and collectively—to help reach the goals of the SUP if we apply ourselves and make a commitment to making a difference. Together we can make 1998 just as outstanding—and just as memorable—as 1997. ▼

by

President Karlo Mustonen

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980213-16

SUP-Funded Statue Honors Joseph Smith's Search for Truth

Leaning into the Light," a bronze sculpture memorializing LDS Church founder Joseph Smith and his search for scriptural truth, was dedicated Dec. 23 by President Gordon B. Hinckley.

The sculpture, which depicts the young Joseph Smith seated on a wooden chair reading from the Bible, is located in the Legacy Theater of Salt Lake City's Joseph Smith Memorial Building. It was paid for with funds raised by the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and six individual donors. During the dedication service, President Hinckley expressed deep appreciation to the SUP, the donors and to sculptor Stanley James Watts, who he said created a "very impressive and beautiful piece of work."

With the assistance of several children, President Hinckley unveiled the statue 192 years to the day after Joseph Smith was born in New York. "This is his birthday," President Hinckley said. "I marvel at Joseph Smith. I absolutely marvel at what he accomplished during his short lifetime."

According to President Hinckley, the statue depicts a 14-year-old Joseph Smith

reading the Bible as part of his search for eternal truth. The book is opened to James 1:5, the passage that led young Joseph to go into the woods near his home to pray for guidance about which church he should join. The LDS Church teaches that in answer to his prayer, God and Jesus Christ appeared to the boy and began the process of restoring their church to the earth.

President Hinckley recalled a visit to the Sacred Grove one morning several years ago. There he and local church leaders stood, bowed their heads and prayed together. "I did not hear a voice," he said, "but there came into my heart a certain witness that the things of which the Prophet spoke occurred there where we were at the time."

Watts, the artist who sculpted the piece, also spoke during the dedication. He said he had a "wonderful experience" creating an image that honors Joseph Smith and his desire to "ask of God."

"A great man once said that when you give man light he will find his own way," Watts said. "Our light is the scriptures. This is a monument to that."

In 1996, it was announced

that the SUP would be publishing a book containing the histories of pioneer men who came to Utah prior to 1869. Manuscript contributions were solicited as part of a concurrent effort with the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, who were gathering information to publish a book containing the histories of pioneer women who came to Utah during the same period.

Florence Youngberg, who is putting the book together by herself, said the process is taking longer than she expected. But she said she hopes to get the book to the publisher sometime this summer, in hopes that it can be published and available to all who are interested by Christmas.

"Notices will be sent out prior to the completion of the book so those who contributed histories know how they can order a copy," Youngberg said. "When we know the publication date, it will be announced in Pioneer magazine."

Youngberg said she appreciates everybody's patience, and promises she is doing the best she can to get the book finished.

Thanks, Florence!

The way things look,

it will be an awfully long time before another Name Memorialization plaque is hung on the wall at national SUP headquarters. Last year, only two names were submitted for addition to the pioneer memorial. Since it requires about 250 names to fill a plaque, at the rate of two per year, we may have another plaque ready in time for the Pioneer Bicentennial.

If we're lucky.

The fact is, there are still plenty of our pioneer ancestors whose names haven't been memorialized on a plaque at national headquarters. If you want to pay tribute to one or more of your pioneer forebears in this wonderful way, simply

obtain a name memorialization form from your local SUP chapter or from the national office. Complete it and return it to national headquarters along with \$100 per name.

Let's get behind this drive so we can put up another plaque in 1998.

The SUP is making a concerted effort

to locate as many of the old pioneer cemeteries as possible so that the names of those who are buried there can be preserved. If you know of a pioneer cemetery, please let the national office know so that a record can be made of the location of the cemetery and the names and information of those who are buried there.

And as long as we're thinking about it, wouldn't a pioneer cemetery clean-up be a great service project for local SUP chapters? Let us know what you decide to do. We'd be interested in recording your efforts to clean and maintain these sacred grounds, too. ▼



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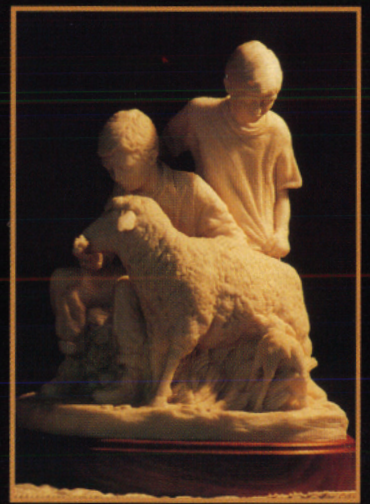


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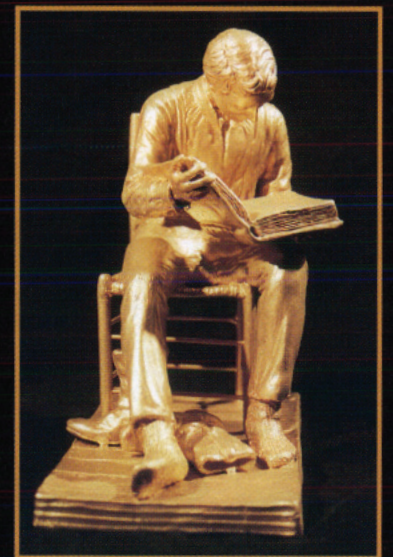
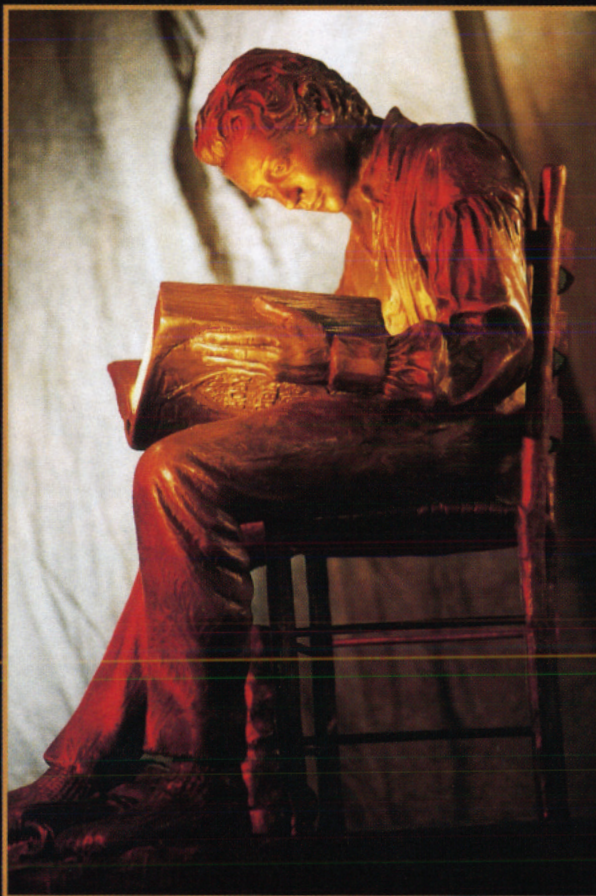


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**The
DOUBLE-EDGED IMPACT
of California's
GOLD RUSH
on Utah's Pioneers**

GOLD!

I got my garden well fixed, which yielded me quite an income in the summer when the golden-winged insects, in the shape of emigrants began to come in swarms from the States...

John Steele, 1849 ¹

Salt Lake City is the great half-way mile stone and resting place for the California pilgrim.

John Hawkins Clark, 1852 ²

These two statements, one by Utah pioneer John Steele, the other by gold miner John Clark, describe the impact of the California Gold Rush on residents of the fledgling community of Salt Lake City, as well as the impact of Salt Lake City on the California-bound miner passing through on the way to California. The California Gold Rush provided such an economic windfall to the Utah's pioneers, it insured the success of their Great Basin settlement. At the same time it shattered their seclusion, as the Mormon community became a welcome haven to thousands of trail-weary travelers.

by Michael N. Landon

The discovery of gold in California was an event of such magnitude and became so widely known, people from every corner of the globe quickly headed for the foothills of California's Sierra Nevada mountains. For the thousands headed West from the eastern United States with dreams of easy wealth, the stress and hardship of overland trail travel became the first in a long list of sobering realities. If hopeful miners were lucky enough to have only minor wagon repairs, avoid serious accidents, stay clear of stampedes, and most importantly, escape the scourge of cholera along the Platte River, they still faced formidable obstacles that could turn their dreams into nightmares.

Beyond the Platte, lack of feed and dying stock became critical issues facing the endless wagon trains. Unprecedented emigration quickly overwhelmed the existing trail network. As forage for stock disappeared and as basic necessities became scarce, increasing numbers of desperate miners abandoned the Sublette cutoff to Fort Hall and headed for the Salt Lake Valley.

The Mormon pioneers first came to the Salt Lake Valley in July 1847 and by the spring of 1849, thousands called it home. For many hard-pressed miners, it literally became a lifesaver. Arriving in Salt Lake City in August 1849, Vincent Hoover wrote "There is reported a great deal of suffering on Subletts Cut Off. The mormons have Sent relief trains... We have concluded to take Southern route [to California] there is not grass on the northern. We will have to delay here six weeks [so] we would have time to go through but so many have gone through [on the northern route] that we are afraid to try it. We also Learn that the mormons have sent on oxen to the emigrants that are suffering on the sublets cut off."³

For some '49ers, the stay in Salt Lake allowed them to assess the accuracy of prevailing opinions about the Mormons. William Johnston found "ample reason to doubt the truth of much that has been said against them... many other things that might be mentioned, bore evidence alike of their industry and thrift, and might it not be also added, of their good conduct, for such are not the ordinary tokens of an idle, depraved, ill-doing people."⁴ Not all of Salt Lake City's citizens matched Johnston's description, as Brigham Young remarked: "What fault could the world justly find with this people? Some have passed through here to California to dig gold, but they have received nothing at the hands of this people but kindness. What do they know about us? They cannot charge us with one evil. Suppose there are wicked men here, I say the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that gathers fish both good and bad, and I say this because it is true."⁵

The economic benefits of the Gold Rush eventu-

ally extended to even the poorest of the pioneers. Semi-literate George Mayer, describing the personal impact of the 1850 emigration, wrote, "my clothe[s] ware nerly all wore out and I didnt no ware the others wolde [would] Come from, But, the Golde Minse [mines] being open in Caleforny brote [brought] a large Emegration throo our Towne, and the[y] Solde there wagons and ther things that they Colde [could] not pack to our pepel very Cheepe and gave many things away. The[y] fild [filled] our town with wagons and hors harnes and Clothing of all kinds of mens Clothing and Store goods of Every kinde. I went to worke and made 100 and 10 pack Sadels [saddles] and Solde them for \$2.00 Dollers - \$5.00 Dollers apese and I was able to By me a fine horse teme and a nother yoke of oxen."⁶

Of course, Salt Lake City would not have been so appealing to the westbound emigrant if it proved difficult to resume a route to California. Although it must be remembered that the majority of California-bound emigrants did not travel through Salt Lake City, those who did had several options in choosing a route to leave the city. They could take the southern route to California, blazed in 1847 by Mormon Battalion veterans returning from Southern California. Once in Southern California, miners still had to take a ship up the coast and travel inland to the mines or travel North several hundred miles on El Camino Real, the road connecting the old Spanish missions, and then cross the San Joaquin Valley to reach the mines. For those reaching Salt Lake at the end of August or later, this really was the only option, since winter snows made a Sierra crossing impossible.

A second option was the so-called Hastings Cutoff around the South end of the Great Salt Lake and across the Salt Flats. Reliance on Lansford W. Hastings's route contributed to the Donner Party tragedy in 1846, and the discredited route was lightly used during the Gold Rush period.

By far the most popular choice was the Salt Lake cutoff opened by Samuel J. Hensley and used by returning Mormon Battalion veterans in 1848. The route went North out of Salt Lake, roughly following the bench between the Great Salt Lake and the Wasatch Mountains. The route veered Northwest at the North end of the lake and eventually connected with the main California Trail near the City of Rocks in what is now southern Idaho.

The press of emigration and the routes that led out of Salt Lake City had some drawbacks for Brigham Young. Mormons everywhere knew that the Battalion members had participated in the discovery of gold, and several had deposited gold with the church upon arrival in Salt Lake City. The allure that the gold fields held for some Mormons,



For some '49ers,
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made manifestly evident by the thousands passing through the city, posed a constant challenge to church leaders. The dangers of the gold fields were fodder for many a sermon. At the church's General Conference in April 1852 Brigham declared, "If those who go to California for Gold were full of the Holy Ghost, they would clothe their wives and children with buckskin, and wear it themselves to the day of their death, rather than mingle with the wicked and be induced to leave the society of the Saints. The true cause of their taking such a course is, they do not love the Lord."⁷

Only in rare instances did Brigham want church members in the gold fields. Henry Bigler wrote of his surprise at being called as a "gold missionary."

"This afternoon," Bigler wrote, "I was informed that President Young had told Father John Smith that as he had been kicked and cuffed about and driven out of the United States because of his religion and had become poor, it was his counsel that Father Smith fit out some person and send him to California or to the gold mines and get some of the treasures of the earth to make himself comfortable in his old age. And the old gentleman has called me to go... I was not looking for any such mission. Indeed it had been the Presidents counsel not to go to the gold mines."⁸

Along with convincing members not to head for the mines, church officials had to deal with increasing Indian depredations. The tenuous peace the pioneers enjoyed with local tribes began to break down under the wave of emigration. Not only were traditional food supplies vanishing, Native Americans felt the brunt of emigrant brutality. They, in turn, responded with their own attacks on emigrants. Tensions between emigrants, Indians and pioneers continued throughout the 1850s.

Eight years after the gold rush began, plain-speaking Brigham summed up the problem: "Hundreds of miles have the Indians travelled to see me, to know whether they might use up the emigrants, saying—'they have killed many of us; and they damn you and damn us, and shall we stand it?' I have always told them to hold on, to stop shedding blood, and to live in peace. But I have been told that the first company of packers that went through here this season, on their way from California to the States, shot at every Indian they saw between Carson Valley and Box Elder; and what has been the result? Probably scores of persons have been killed; animals have been taken from nearly all the emigrants that have passed on that road; and the Indians in that region have now more stock than they know how to take care of; and they come into settlements with their pockets full of gold. The whites first commenced on the Indians; and now, if they do not quit such conduct, they must stop travelling through this country; for it is more than I can do to keep the Indians still under such outrageous treatment."⁹

Not only did passing emigrants induce some Mormons to leave for California and create problems with Native Americans, their stock devoured local forage, they overburdened the local justice system settling disputes, and often left their sick behind for the Utah pioneers to nurse. It was clear that the impact of the gold rush on the new Latter-day Saint refuge was a two-edged sword. However, the overwhelming economic advantages of the emigration was seen as providential and ensured the success of their newly found Zion. ▼

(Michael N. Landon works for the LDS Church Historical Department. He is co-author of *Trail of Hope*, the companion volume to last year's PBS documentary on Utah's pioneer exodus.)



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The Mormon Moment

'The **Fever** Set In and **COLD** Was On the Brain'



“This day some kind of **mettle** was found in the tail of race that looks like gaold.”

When Henry Bigler wrote in his diary, dated January 24, 1848, he probably had no idea how important his scrawled words would become. Those 17 words would establish the actual date of one of the most important historical events in the development of the West, an event in which he and his fellow Mormon Battalion members played a key role.

by **Kellene Ricks Adams**

Battalion & tous MONDAY

Prior to the discovery of gold, Mormon Battalion members had already earned their place in history. From the time they were mustered together in June 1846 until the expiration of their enlistment a year later, the group made its mark. History records that the Battalion:

- blazed the wagon route that became the southern route to California;

- demonstrated the importance of the San Pedro and Santa Cruz rivers as transportation corridors, which led to the Gadsden Purchase;

- took part in the conquest of California to claim it as part of the United States;

- opened the highway through the Sierra Nevada that is now called the Mormon-Carson Pass Emigrant Trail, which became the main entrance to California for approximately 200,000 gold-seeking immigrants during 1849-56;

- drove the first wagons over the Old Spanish Trail and the Salt Lake Cutoff of the California Trail.

Most of these milestones were accomplished quietly, often not even recognized until time had proven their value. The discovery of gold, however, was a different story.

That Mormon men were even involved in the discovery is a story in itself. Once the Mormon Battalion had been disbanded near what is now San Diego, most of its members made their way north up the California coast before heading east for Great Salt Lake City to join their pioneer families there. En route, they spent a few days at Fort Sutter, a small-but-growing community founded by John Sutter, where some opted to stay and work for the winter.

Most of the men, however, continued on toward Utah—until they met Sam Brannan at Donner Lake.

Brannan was the leader of a group of pioneers who had sailed from the East Coast to the West Coast on the ship Brooklyn. He had already traveled to the Salt Lake Valley, where he met with Brigham Young in hopes of convincing the pioneer leader and his party to continue on to the West Coast. Brigham Young refused, reiterating his belief that they had already found their “Zion.”

Deeply disappointed, Brannan returned West, carrying with him a message from President Young to the Battalion men. The message indicated that food was scarce in the valley and suggested that unless they had family waiting for them, they should “return to California and go to work and fit themselves out with plenty of clothing, stock, provisions, etc.,” then join the new community the following year.

So Bigler joined a group of others who retraced their steps back to Fort Sutter, looking for work. It wasn’t hard to find. John Sutter had a dream of commercial success in the California Territory, and during this post-war period, his dream was flourishing. At the time, Sutter’s payroll included hundreds. He

employed Native Americans who wove blankets and made hats. People came from miles around to buy the leather, shoes, saddles, hats, spurs and bridles his workmen produced. In addition, Sutter had several hundred farm and ranch hands planting and harvesting his fields. By the end of 1847, Sutter estimated his livestock holdings included 12,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses and mules, between 10,000 and 15,000 sheep, and 1,000 hogs. He was also building a gristmill that a friend boasted would “grind what the whole Sacramento Valley will be able to produce in wheat.”

More than 70 Mormon men joined this bustling, growing Fort Sutter community, working “as carpenters and laborers; they dug ditches, made shoes, tanned hides, built granaries and a grist mill at Natamo.”

In order to complete the gristmill, Sutter determined he needed a sawmill as well, and one of his employees, James Marshall, talked him into a site about 50 miles from the fort on the South fork of the American River. Work on the sawmill began in September 1847, and 17 of the 25 on-site workers were Mormon Battalion veterans.

On the momentous Monday that marked the discovery of gold, most of the mill construction was completed. One of the few jobs left was deepening the tail-race that carried the water back to the river after it had turned the wheel. Usually Marshall left the sluice gate open at night so the water flow would naturally erode some gravel and sand, thereby making the job easier. Every morning after shutting the water off, Marshall walked the ditch to check things out.

That’s what he was doing on January 24, when he noticed small flakes of shining yellow metal at the bottom of the race. He got a tin pan and scooped a few handfuls of dirt from the stream, rinsing away the lighter material with swishing motions under the water. Although Marshall was excited at what he had found, he was not wholly convinced that he’d found gold. And when he showed his treasure to the small group of men at the mill, including some former Battalion members, they reportedly laughed at him; none of them had ever seen gold in its native state.

By the next morning, however, their doubts had disappeared. And when Marshall showed up with a hatful of gold fragments, they all came up with different methods to test the metal. The men pounded several grains of the metal; instead of crumbling under the blows, the metal flattened to the thinness of paper. They burned particles, which remained unchanged. And finally, they threw some of the gold into a pot of lye, but the strong chemical had no effect.

Curious now, the men followed Marshall to the tail-race. “In looking close,” wrote Bigler, “we could see particles here and there on the base rock and in seams and crevices. Conjectures were it must be rich, and from that time the fever set in and gold was on the brain.”

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Truthfully, however, gold was only on Bigler's brain. Initially, the discovery of gold met with a surprisingly lukewarm response. A few people who heard of the discovery dismissed it as a small find; other gold mines had been discovered in California, but few yielded enough of the precious metal to make the effort of mining worthwhile.

Once again, it was Mormon Battalion members who played a key role in spreading the news. "It was mainly due to the Mormon workers at the mill," writes Oscar Lewis, "and in particular to diary-writer Henry Bigler, that the true significance of the discovery eventually came to be recognized."

Several of the Mormons told Battalion comrades; Bigler himself wrote to a couple of friends who were working at Sutter's gristmill. Before long, a few curious Battalion members arrived to see for themselves. Sidney Willes, Wilford Hudson, and Levi Fifield asked Marshall for permission to prospect, and a few days later found gold particles on an island in the American River halfway between the sawmill and the fort. That strike became known as Mormon Island and turned out to be the second major gold strike, following the find at Sutter's Mill.

The breadth of the Sutter's Mill gold strike was probably first understood by Bigler, who recorded in his diary that "I was the only one in the crowd who had gold badly on the brain." Bigler slipped away most weekends, using his jackknife to hack away at possible gold sites. After a month of these weekend trips, however, his fellow workers cornered him, demanding to know what he was doing; he showed them his small stash of gold dust. After that, others in the group began personal prospecting, and the gold movement began to gain momentum.

Battalion members spread the word about the gold discovery in other ways, as well. Sam Brannan, who owned the *California Star*, the first newspaper in the state, hired six Battalion men and four non-Mormons to carry a special edition of the paper back east. Most of the paper's content was aimed at convincing colonists to move to California, extolling the virtues of the state. The mention of gold was almost an afterthought, taking up only two small paragraphs on an inside page without so much as a headline. The men, dubbed The *California Star Express* riders, headed out on April 1, 1848, with newspapers in hand, marking another historical milestone—giving the world its first written record of the California gold discovery and carrying the first mail to go overland, from West to East, under private contract.

On their eastward journey, the group stopped in Salt Lake Valley, reuniting with family and friends. While there, they met with Brigham Young. "I showed him the gold and asked if he would go on to California," remembered Nathan Hawk, one of the riders. Brigham replied: "No! I hope they will never strike



California's Golden Jubilee. Courtesy LDS Archives.

gold in the country where we [are] located, for I do not want my people to go digging for their God."

It was late summer, months after the actual discovery, that official news of the gold find was first heard in the East. Newspaper reporters who received copies of the *California Star* were quick to recognize the significance of the find.

The frenzy was fueled even further when President James E. Polk confirmed the discovery in a December 5 message to Congress. "The accounts of the abundance of gold are of such an extraordinary character as would scarcely command belief were they not corroborated by the authentic reports of officers in the public service," the president wrote.

Tens of thousands of gold-seekers, dubbed Forty-Niners in our history books, headed into California, completely changing the future of the union's new state. Although few actually found enough gold to make their fortunes, most would stay, establishing California as one of the most populated areas of the country.

For their part, many of the Mormon Battalion members headed back to Utah, just as President Young had instructed. While the allure of gold was powerful, apparently they were drawn by something much more powerful. "We saw them washing out the gold with pans," recalled one Battalion member, "but we did not stop there long. We were anxious to come to Salt Lake."

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**"We saw them
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We were anxious
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The Life
and Times of
Captain
Sam Brannan

BLACK SHEEP SAINT

?

by Karen Boren



In the life of Samuel Brannan, a latter-day Sigmund Freud could mine almost as much psychological gold as the Forty-Niners dug after Brannan's brash announcement of gold at Sutter's Creek set off the Gold Rush.

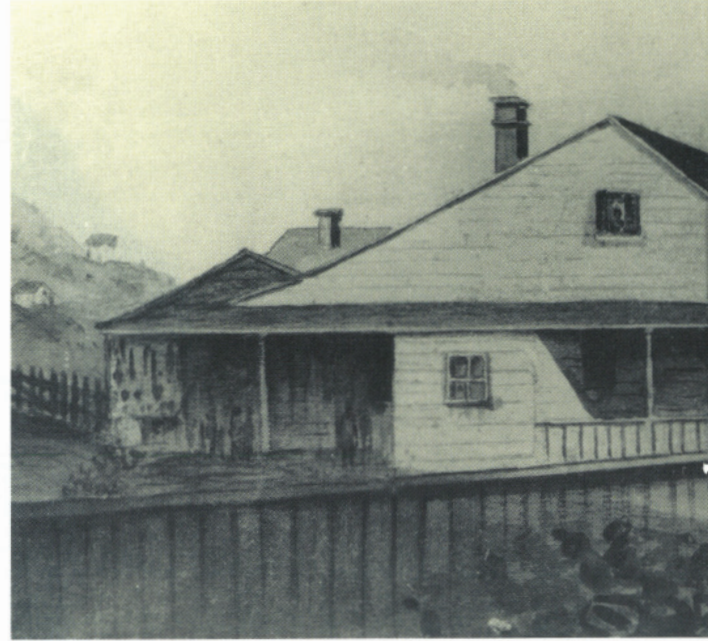
Simple greed alone does not explain how a man ordained for leadership in the Mormon faith could become so disaffected that he would challenge an apostle's call to return the tithes of the California faithful with the reported retort: "bring me a receipt signed by the Lord. Then I'll gladly hand over to you the Lord's money."¹

Brannan's life would encompass more than a regular share of grief. His Saco, Maine, home was presided over by a hard-drinking, club-wielding Irishman so difficult to get along with that his sons would all flee—permanently—at the first opportunity. Fourteen-year-old Samuel begged to accompany his sister, Mary Ann, and her husband, Alexander Badlam, to build a new life in Ohio. While on the journey, the little company heard Orson Hyde and Heber C. Kimball preach. Samuel's brother-in-law purchased a copy of the Book of Mormon, which was read on the journey to Painesville, Ohio—only a few miles from Kirtland, where Joseph Smith was directing the work of the Latter-day Saints.

A hint of worldly pride appeared in young Samuel's character when his father died. The cranky old man had quietly saved a little money, and while Samuel used part of his share to purchase the last year of his apprenticeship to a printer, he also outfitted himself with "well-tailored suits and greatcoats."²

The financial speculation by LDS Church leaders that resulted in the Kirtland banking "crash" of 1837 affected the testimonies of the Badlams and young Samuel. Setting off on his own as a "tramp printer," Samuel returned to visit his mother in Maine and learned that his brother, Tom, was in New Orleans. The two had a joyous reunion there, during which Samuel found he had his father's taste for liquor. Samuel and Tom decided to start a weekly paper. But Tom would fall in three short days to the ravages of yellow fever, and their publishing venture quickly failed. A devastated Samuel slowly worked his way back to Painesville and humbly rejoined his chosen faith.

Following a rebaptism, Samuel was called on a local mission that was interrupted by a bout of malaria. Upon his recovery, Samuel was called to Nauvoo, where his printing talents were duly noted. He joined the Prophet's brother, Apostle William Smith, in the New England Mission in an attempt to solicit support for a periodical on the East Coast. During this time Samuel met his future wife, Ann Eliza Corwin. He helped establish two LDS publications, *The Prophet* and, later, *The Messenger*, in New York City. In perhaps a second show of character weakness, Samuel placed faith in William Smith's claim of leadership after



Joseph Smith died at Carthage, Illinois. The two men were disfellowshipped.

But once again, Samuel humbled himself and petitioned to be returned to full fellowship. When Parley P. Pratt and Orson Pratt were called back to help prepare for the western exodus, Samuel, by default, was given the responsibility to lead the Eastern saints to California. As reported in *Times and Seasons*, Orson Pratt said, "We do not want one Saint left in the United States after this time. Let every branch in the east, west, north and south be determined to flee out of Babylon either by land or sea..."

Within two months, Samuel organized his people for the five-month journey by sea on the *Brooklyn*. On February 4, 1846, the very day that Brigham crossed the Mississippi, the *Brooklyn* set sail with a company of pioneers numbering 70 men, 68 women and 100 children. Those who made the voyage had paid \$75 per adult, including provisions, and half-price for children. They included farmers and mechanics from the Eastern United States, and they took with them all of the tools they would need to begin building a new society in the West—including the press upon which the *Prophet* had been printed. During the course of the journey, the *Brooklyn* rounded Cape Horn; visited Juan Fernandez, legendary as the Robinson Crusoe island; and spent 10 days in the Hawaiian islands. Along the way, 10 passengers died—nine were buried at sea and the other was laid to rest on Juan Fernandez Island—and two babies were born, one named Atlantic and one named Pacific. And there was no end of complaints about the imperious Samuel Brannan, who sat the captain's table and ruled the company as if he were king.

On July 29, 1846, the *Brooklyn* landed at Yerba Buena, now better known as San Francisco, and Samuel set out to build a kingdom based on the Unit-

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ed Order. Samuel founded the first newspaper in California, the *California Star*. He was Yerba Buena's leading citizen. Wherever one looks in early California history, Samuel was there.

But he continued to look after his own view of what he thought was right—for him and for his faith. He headed East to meet Brigham Young so he could escort the saints to his selection for their new home: California. Meeting with Brigham Young's vanguard company of pioneers on the Green River, Samuel decried the desolate Great Salt Lake Valley and extolled the beauties of California. Biographer Paul Bailey writes: "Brigham Young, with bland smile, shed arguments like a greased steeple sheds rain. He seemed little impressed with Sam's fervid description of the California Eden and countered with his own nurtured opinion that a touch of the Lord's hand, coupled with the brawn of the Saints, could make an Eden of most any place."³

Disappointed, Sam returned to California, where less than a year later he himself would announce on the streets of San Francisco that gold had been discovered at Sutter's Fort. He was crafty enough to see that while others dug the gold, they would need to be fed and clothed, and he found ways to respond to that need. Being at the right place at the right time made Samuel Brannan California's first millionaire.

Although he eventually distanced himself from the LDS Church, he continued to encourage Brigham Young to bring his followers to California. After Mormon Battalion veterans were among those who discovered gold in Sutter's mill race in January 1848, Brigham still refused to be tempted by Sam's promise of untold riches even though it was clear that the Utah pioneers could have easily staked their claims long before the arrival of the Forty-Niners, who had to travel overland from the East.⁴

While Samuel sent word of how much the church would be blessed by coming to California, Brigham Young was listening to another voice: "My soul feels hallelujah, it exults to God, that He has planted this people in a place that is not desired by the wicked . . . I want hard times, so that every person that does not wish to stay, for the sake of his religion, will leave. This is a good place to make Saints, and it is a good place for the Saints to live; it is the place the Lord has appointed, and we shall stay here until He tells us to go somewhere else."⁵

At length, the relationship between Sam and LDS Church leaders in Utah deteriorated. Before Samuel's last refusal to turn over the tithes of the church, Brigham Young sent a warning that is recorded in the *Journal History of the Church*: "Now Brother Brannan, if you deal justly with your fellows, and deal out with liberal heart and open hands, making a righteous use of all your money, the Lord is willing you should accumulate the rich treasures of the earth and the good things of time in abundance. But should you withhold, when the Lord says give, your hopes and pleasing prospects will be blasted in an hour you think not of—and no arm can save."

Brigham's prophecy came painfully true, and Samuel's riches would go as easily as they came. While his wife and children enjoyed high society in Europe, Samuel sank millions into building a retreat for the wealthy in the Napa Valley, his Calistoga. When his wife heard of his philandering, she divorced him and demanded one-half million in cash. It was the beginning of the end. In his long slide down, Samuel Brannan was even estranged from his children. In his last will and testament, he bitterly left them each one dollar. When he died, his body lay unclaimed for 16 months until one of his sister's children heard of his death and saw to his burial.

In 1926, Samuel was finally accorded some measure of honor for his role in pioneering Northern California. His grave was marked with the inscription: "Sam Brannan... 1819-1889... California Pioneer of '46... Dreamer... Leader... and Empire Builder."

Was Samuel ever really grounded in his faith? He was bitter that he had never received the endowments of the LDS temple. Would that knowledge have helped him learn that a barren desert could blossom as the rose while the riches of the easy life could and would turn to ashes?

Perhaps some celestial Freud has helped Sam Brannan understand. ▼

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The
MORMONS
in
JOHNSTON'S
Army

by Chad M. Orton

**'It Seemed the Best Way
for Me to Help**

My Struggling Parents' In late June 1858, soldiers from the United States Army entered a nearly deserted Salt Lake City. The few residents who remained were in hiding, ready to carry out Brigham Young's order to burn the town's homes and structures if the military disregarded its agreement to continue through the city before establishing its camp. Those with the Utah Expedition—better known as Johnston's Army—took in the scene with great interest, but few with greater interest than 17-year-old George Harrison and his 21-year-old brother Aaron. Unlike most with this army, these brothers didn't harbor feelings against the Mormons, or hope that their stay in Utah would be short-lived. They were Latter-day Saints themselves, and they had finally come "home."



The entrance of Johnston's Army into the Salt Lake Valley marked the end of the so-called Utah War, a nearly bloodless conflict that had its beginnings in disagreements between the Latter-day Saints and disgruntled non-Mormon territorial officials.¹ The army's arrival also marked

the end of a long journey for at least four Latter-day Saints, one that began in England in 1856, and included time in the Martin Handcart Company.

In May 1856, a large company of saints under the direction of Edward Martin left England on the ship *Horizon*. George and Aaron Harrison were members of that company. Upon reaching Iowa City, the Martin Company discovered that the anticipated handcarts were not ready. After a considerable wait the company was able to start its trek to Utah in late July, only to encounter further delays as the unseasoned wood used to construct the handcart's wheels frequently failed.

When the Martin Company reached Winter Quarters, Neb., George and Aaron went swimming in a mosquito-infested pond.² Within a few days George was suffering from malaria-induced chills and fevers. By the time the company encountered the first frosts of fall, he was confined to one of the supply wagons. By the time it reached Ft. Laramie on 8 October 1856, rations had been cut, and the resulting lack of nourishment slowed George's recovery.

At Ft. Laramie, the company was able to purchase additional supplies, but was unable to secure all that was needed for the remainder of the journey. Consequently, on October 9, Aaron, the oldest of six children, joined the Army with the blessing of his parents and Captain Martin. Not only did his enlistment mean one less mouth to feed, but Aaron was able to receive a small advance on his rations to give to his family.

At least two other members of the handcart company, 34-year-old William Ashton and 22-year-old Samuel Blackburn, also enlisted at Ft. Laramie. Reportedly James Thomas and John Barlow also signed up, but they do not appear in Army records.³ West of Ft. Laramie, members of the Martin Company encountered the snows of winter and were ordered to lighten their loads to help hasten the march to the valley. At this point, George decided to leave the pioneer company. Acting on impulse, he hid in some willows one morning until after the company left.

"Why did I do this?" he later wrote. "Well, I was starving. I thought, if I thought anything clearly, that my family would be better off without me. I felt I might get back to my brother Aaron. At any rate I had acted. For a few minutes I stood weak and dazed, but determined not to follow the train any farther. What to do I hardly knew."⁴

George made his way to an Indian camp that the company had passed the previous day. Going to the nearest tepee, which was headed by a French trapper, the family took pity on this "white skeleton."⁵ When William Harrison came looking for his son, the trader convinced him that it was in George's best interest to remain and get his strength up rather than trying to finish the trip that fall.

The following summer, 1857, the trapper took George to Ft. Laramie. His reunion with Aaron was a happy one, for the latter had heard nothing from his family since they had left the previous year. When one of the doctors assigned to the Army heard George's story, he volunteered to help him get to Utah and arranged for George to be hired in the meantime as a cook's assistant.

Around this time, Johnston's Army passed by Ft. Laramie on its way to Utah. This military force had been ordered to the territory by President James Buchanan to put down a rumored Mormon rebellion and to serve as a posse comitatus for Alfred Cumming, who had been appointed to replace Brigham Young as governor.

Recalling previous persecution of the Latter-day Saints and uncertain as to why the Army was advancing on Utah, Brigham ordered the territory's residents to prepare for war and to employ tactics designed to slow the Army's advance, including the burning of needed forage and supplies. Through this strategy, the Utah Expedition was delayed from reaching the Salt Lake Valley that year and spent a cold winter at the burned-out remains of Ft. Bridger. While the Utah Expedition wintered at Ft. Bridger, the handcart pioneers-turned soldiers spent the winter of 1857-1858 at Ft. Laramie. In March 1858, they left for Bridger, part of a relief train bringing badly needed supplies to Johnston's Army.

Inasmuch as war seemed inevitable at this point, George was asked by a soldier, "Aren't you afraid that when we get to Utah we will kill your father and mother and the rest of the people there?" George confidently replied that there would be no fighting.⁶ George's prediction proved true. The stranded Army became an embarrassment for Buchanan, who finally dispatched peace commissioners to Utah. A negotiated settlement to the "Mormon Conflict" allowed the soldiers to peacefully enter the Salt Lake Valley.

When Johnston's Army left Ft. Bridger for Utah, George noted that it included both he and Company G, 6th Infantry, to which Aaron, Ashton, and Black-

The entrance of Johnston's Army into the Salt Lake Valley marked the end of the so-called Utah War, a nearly bloodless conflict that had its beginnings in disagreements between the Latter-day Saints and disgruntled non-Mormon territorial officials.



burn were assigned. "A joyous day it was for me when we started for the valley, and for Brother Aaron, too, since his company was to march along with us," recalled George. "Over the hills we went, across the rim of the Great Basin and down Echo Canyon. Again we had to climb over a high ridge of the Wasatch range. It was on top of this that I really saw the 'valley of the Mountains' of which we had sung way off in old England."⁷

From Salt Lake City Johnston's Army made its way to its new home west of Utah Lake: Camp Floyd. George remained at Camp Floyd until it was disbanded in April 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War. He could have left sooner, but his job as a cook brought in a guaranteed wage and "seemed the best way for me to help my struggling parents."⁸

According to George, Aaron also remained at Camp Floyd until it closed, although Army records indicate that both he and Blackburn deserted prior to 1861. Little is known concerning their subsequent lives, except they both married and lived into the twentieth century. Ashton served his full five-year enlistment before being discharged in California in the fall of 1861. The only family man of the four, he had buried his wife and two daughters on the journey prior to enlisting. He also left three young daughters at Fort Laramie to continue on with the Martin Company. Following his discharge, he apparently went to England rather than returning to Utah. In 1888 the following notice appeared in the *Millennial Star*: "Elder William Ashton is very anxious to learn the address of any one, or all of his daughters, Betsy, Sarah, and Mary, who emigrated from Stockport, England, on the 18th of May, 1856. They crossed the plains in one of the 'Handcart Companies'."⁹ Only Sarah, who was 7 at the time of the Martin Company, was still living. He died in her hometown of Whitney, Idaho in 1891.



While there were many avowed anti-Mormons in Johnston's Army—such as Colonel Fritz-John Porter, who stated that he would have traded his southern plantation to be able to bomb Salt Lake City for 15 minutes—George noted that for the most part he was treated well during his time with the military.¹⁰ "The soldiers joked me a great deal about being a 'Mormon' boy, but they were pretty kind to me nevertheless."¹¹

For his part, George had earned their respect. One of the officers told George's father, "You can be proud of your son, Mr. Harrison. It is not many boys who could live in an army camp, keep straight and save all of his wages as he has done."¹² George settled in Springville, where he operated a hotel and became better known as "Beefsteak" Harrison. The nickname was a reference to the delicious steaks he served and his special method for cooking them.

Which, by the way, he learned while one of the Mormons in Johnston's Army.

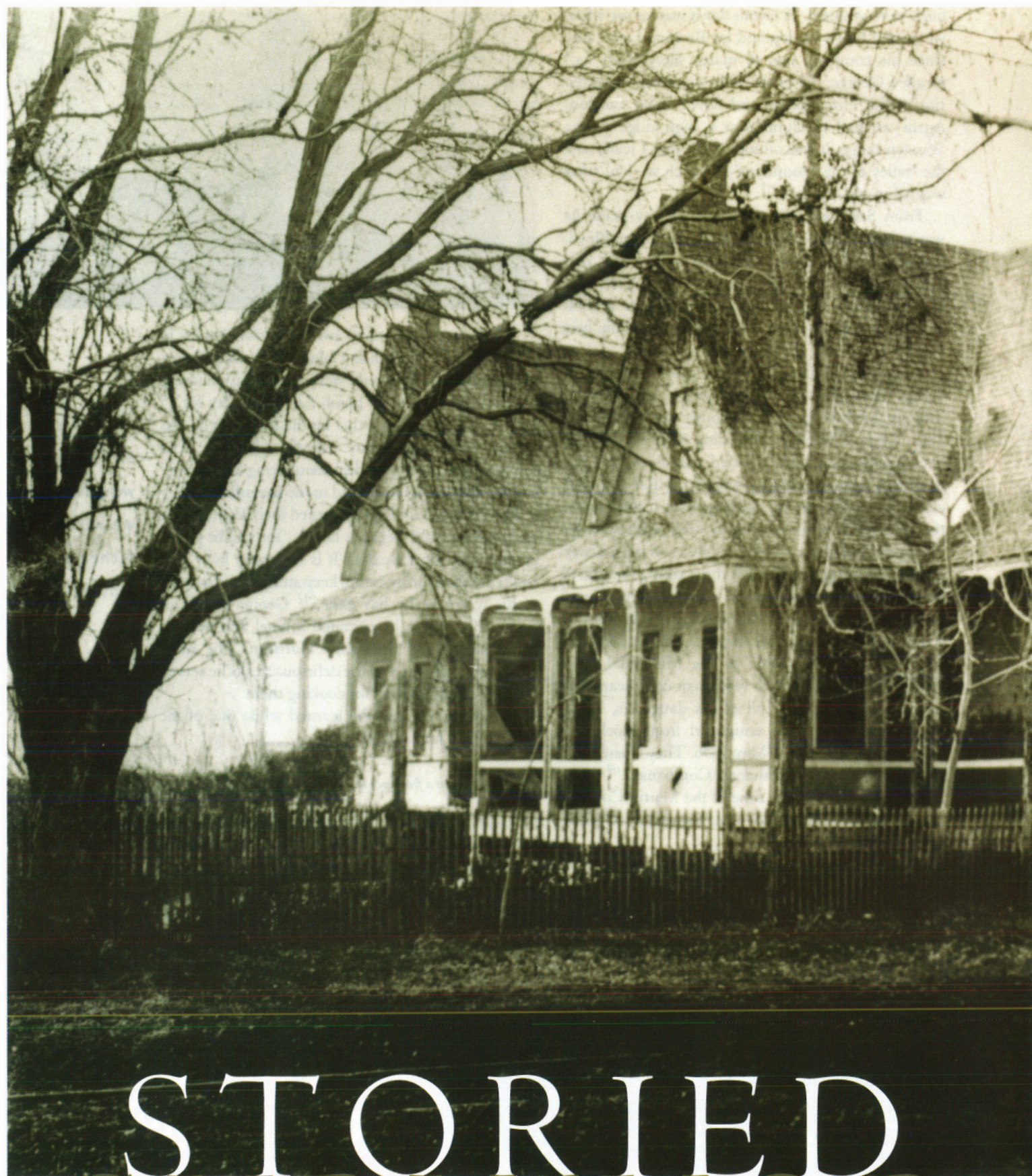
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1. The best account of the Utah War is Norman F. Furniss, *The Mormon Conflict, 1850-1859* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1960).
2. Detailed accounts of George's and Aaron's experiences are found in "Beef Steak Harrison," *Treasures of Pioneer History* 2 (1953): 105-114, Howard R. Driggs, George, *The Handcart Boy* (New York: Aladdin Books, 1952) and Howard R. Driggs, "Theirs was the Handcart Way to Zion," *The Instructor*, July 1956, 202-203.
3. Josiah Rogerson, "Martin's Handcart Company, 1856," *Salt Lake Herald*, 3 November 1907; *Enlistment Registers of the U. S. Army, 1798-1914*.
4. "Beef Steak Harrison," 108.
5. Driggs, "Theirs was the Handcart Way to Zion," 202.
6. "Beef Steak Harrison," *Ibid*, 112.
7. *Ibid*, 113.
8. *Ibid*, 113-114.
9. *Millennial Star*, 31 December 1888.
10. The Fritz-Porter reference is found in Donald R. Moorman and Gene A. Sessions, *Camp Floyd and the Mormons: The Utah War* (Salt Lake City, University of Utah Press, 49).
11. "Beef Steak Harrison," 112.
12. *Ibid*, 113.

"Aren't you afraid that when we get to Utah we will kill your father and mother and the rest of the people there?"

"The soldiers joked me a great deal about being a 'Mormon' boy, but they were pretty kind to me nevertheless."





STORIED SURVIVOR



*N*ow ensconced in splendid restoration

in Old Deseret Village high above the valley floor of Salt Lake City, Brigham Young's Forest Farm home is more fortunate than most of its contemporaries. Originally the solitary dwelling within the perimeter of a 640-acre experimental farm, this historic structure is now the only tangible reminder of that once-sprawling territorial acreage.

Approximately four miles South of his Beehive House "city home," President Young located his experimental farm on a piece of ground described by early pioneers as being close to the foothills of the lofty Wasatch Mountains and west of the famous Fairmont Springs. It was many years before these 640 acres would lose their identity as a farm, become bisected by streets, and this significant home identified simply as 732 Ashton Avenue [approximately 2300 South and 700 East].

*The Life and Legacy of Brigham Young's
Forest Farm Home* **by Elaine P. Wilde**

The judgment displayed by Brigham Young in selecting the location of his experimental farm was consistent with that which has made him famous in many of his other operations in pioneer life. It proved to be an ideal location for the livestock that was brought from all parts of the world and the wide variety of fruit trees that were planted. Situated beyond what was called the "five-acre survey," Brigham's expansive farm encompassed the acreage bounded by streets currently known as 900 East, State Street, 2100 South and 2700 South. To the north of Forest Farm lay the property of John Taylor. On the south, Brigham's fields were bounded by the homestead of Parley P. Pratt. To the northwest, along the boulevard by which the Forest Farm was reached, was the home of Wilford Woodruff.

The spacious farm home of Brigham Young was commenced in the fall of 1860 and completed the following year. Because it was established near the center of the farm, the Forest Farm home was approached from the north by a broad avenue of lofty black walnut and locust trees planted on either side in double rows. Walnut Avenue later became identified as 750 East, and still later was re-named Lake Street. This special road was established so that milk and cheese could be more easily transported from the farm to the Beehive House and Lion House daily.

The Forest Farm home was moored upon a sturdy stone foundation. Immediately surrounding the house, several acres were planted with seedling shade and fruit trees. It was because of the presence of this unprecedented number of trees that the vast expanse was dubbed the Forest Farm. The Forest Farm home was jewel in this setting for more than 100 years, during which time the cool, shady premises became the attraction, destination and delight of many an enthusiastic visitor.

The house was built facing east. The structure itself was built on the plan of a double cross, the roof forming two gables on each side with a gable at each end. There were two stories above the stone cellar. The cellar divided into two main parts, one being suitable for a store house and the other containing a flowing well. Culinary water was taken from this well and carried up steps directly into the kitchen.

Clarissa Young Spencer recorded her memories of the Forest Farm: "Down at the lovely Forest Farm lived Aunt Susan Snively. Associated in my mind [with thoughts of her were visions of] all the delicious things to eat that a visit to the farm invariably brought forth. Others of the wives lived there at various times, but I seem to remember Aunt Susan best so I suppose she must have been the superior cook. The farm was about three miles south of our home, and the road out was such a beautiful drive that we used to go out by the wagon load whenever we had the opportunity. Father was very proud of the farm and loved to take visitors

out there, especially those from the East. I was always very careful to be dressed up and in the near vicinity on such occasions so that I often had the opportunity of driving out there with them... A long lane with shade trees on either side led up to the house, which was a homey place with a gabled roof and a great porch that ran all the way around. Hollyhocks and roses bordered the porch, and a great profusion of other flowers grew in odd nooks and corners of the lawns. All of our butter, eggs, milk, and cheese came from the farm, and it must have taken a tremendous amount to supply an establishment the size of ours [twelve-plus families]. The blooded stock was kept out there also, really breeders, I suppose, although we children never heard mention of anything of the sort ..."¹

The home was occupied at various times by five of Brigham Young's wives between 1860 and 1877. Susan Snively Young came into the home in 1860. Zina Diantha Huntington Young and Susan S. Young attempted to start a silk work industry on the farm. Emily Dow Partridge Young spent nearly four years at the farm, occupying the house for a longer period than any of the wives. Mary Ann Angell Young and Ann Eliza Webb Young each spent a short time at the farm.

Improvements made under the direction of Brigham Young, plus its natural advantages of location, soil and climate, combined to make the Forest Farm well-known for its productiveness. Those who visited the farm praised the richness of its soil, its beauty and its appealing pleasantness. Horticulturists came from across the nation to admire and sample Brigham Young's "great experiment."

The farm is where the first sugar beets in the territory were grown. John Taylor had brought seed for the beets from France. The potential of beets for sugar was good, but available machinery too primitive. The beets were, however, used for making molasses.

The farm is also where the territory's first alfalfa was grown. Hamilton Park gives the following account of his experience in handling the first alfalfa hay crop: "I shall never forget when the first alfalfa was ready to cut. President Young advertised for someone who knew how to cure the hay. He secured no one and the



Father was very proud of the farm and loved to take visitors out there, especially those from the East.



task fell upon me. After cutting the lucerne [alfalfa] it was put into the barn. [Once stored] inside, it began to smoulder and smoke and I was obliged to take it out of the stable for fear the barn might burn down."²

Another event of historical importance at the farm was the introduction of the production of silk in Utah.



The Old Farm House

by Brigham H. Ashton

*It isn't the architecture
That makes the old house dear
It isn't the gorgeous splendor
That fills our hearts with cheer;
It's the kindly Spirit
That flowed from heart to heart
That genial social feeling
That made us loath to part.*

*Our old familiar farmhouse
Will live for many a year,
Though of timbers and materials
Its site has been made clear.
In memory's panorama
Twill find a place to stand
As a beacon to the wayward,
As they meet life's bars of sand.*

*When the pictures of our childhood
On Time's broad wall are cast.
And the children of today
Through life have almost past,
They'll turn their eyes with pleasure
To scenes they love so well
And to their little children
Their pleasant stories tell.*

*Of the people who assembled
In the dear Old Farmhouse hall,
While the picture of its builder
Shall hang on many a wall...."⁴*

Park gives the following account of that effort: "William Buttle, William Hart, and I planted the seed from which the old mulberry grove grew. President Young came to the farm with the seed and said: 'Hamilton, I want about an acre of ground prepared. It must be put into good shape because this is precious seed, all the way from France.' He handed me a package containing between two and three pounds of what looked to me like mustard seed. We prepared the ground carefully, plowed, and harrowed it five or six times. President Young then came down to see us plant it. He asked us to plant the seed thick because some of it might not germinate. We did so and the young trees came up as thick as the hair on a dog's back. The trees grew rapidly and then a cocoonery was built November 1868. The building measured 20 by 100 feet in the clear. President Young intended, at that time, to enter largely into the cocoonery business. Silk worms were imported from France and a Frenchman who understood sericulture [silkworm production] was brought over.

"In addition to the interest which the President took in the matter, Aunt Zina [Zina D. Huntington Smith Young] appeared to be the leading spirit, and quite a number of his daughters took an active interest in the enterprise. Aunt Zina was very faithful but the girls did not find much enthusiasm in the work. When the little worms

hatched out and went to work on the fresh green leaves, we thought the question of producing silk in Utah was solved. We soon discovered, however, that it took a great deal of patience, skill, and expert work before the silk fabric was produced, but the production

was finally accomplished. Those who have witnessed the tedious process by which silk is grown and woven in European countries like Italy and France, will easily appreciate the difficulties which would not be surmounted in those early days of Utah."³

The cocoonery enterprise was abandoned. One may to the present day, however, still find scattered about Fairmont Park and the residential areas that have now replaced the once-spacious farm acreage, some of the original 25 mulberry trees.

After the death of Brigham Young in August 1877, his son, Brigham Young Jr., became owner of this historical building and farm. From him, ownership was conveyed to John W. Young, who in turn sold it to George M. Cannon. Subsequently, the Forest Farm acreage, at the hand of its new owner, became divided into building lots and named Forest Dale. He began settlement by inviting purchasers from among those he believed to be good citizens and agreeable neighbors. The rapid growth of the community was largely the result of his efforts in securing settlers and street car transportation facilities. He paid a large bonus to secure assurance that the electric car line would run for a specific number of years.

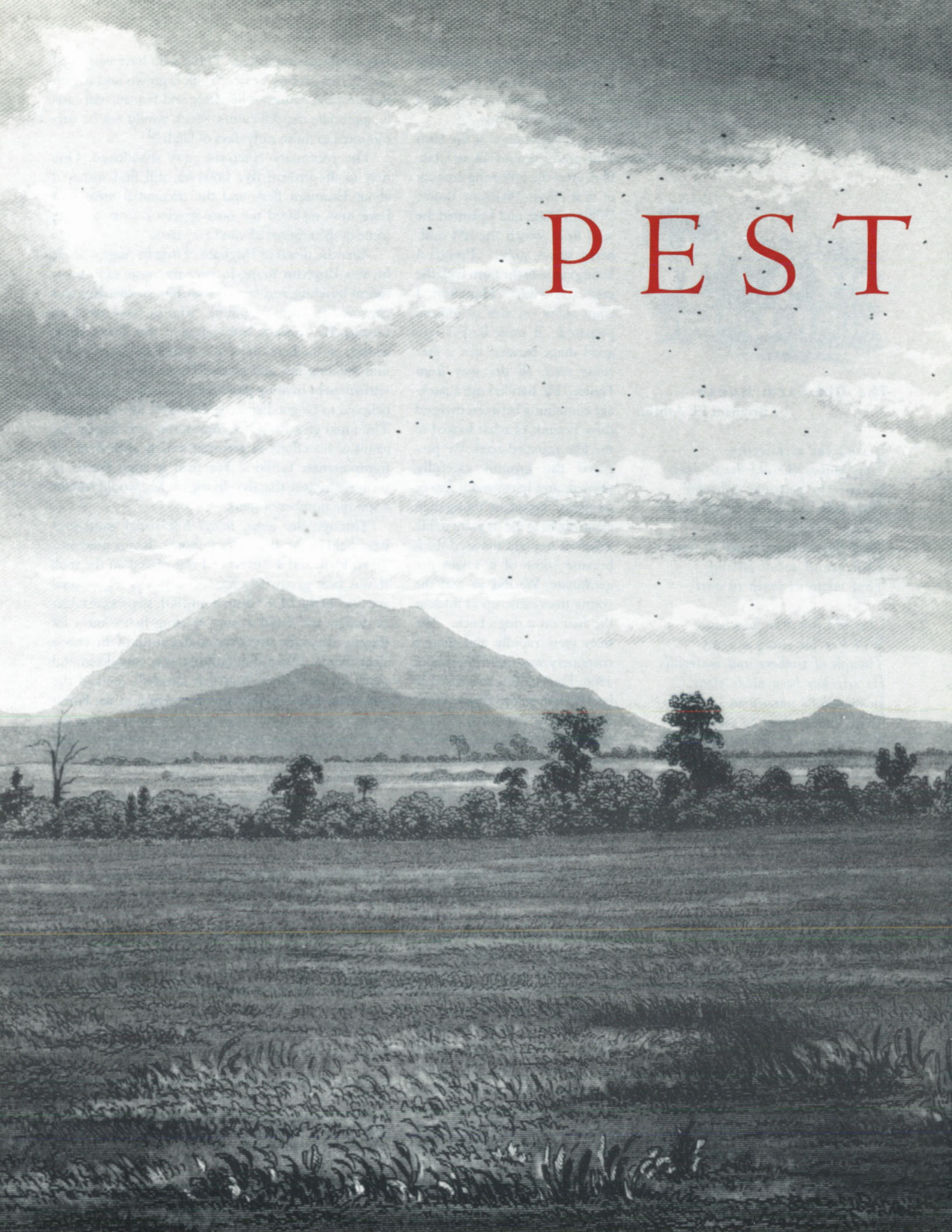
Through the years, many fine social gatherings were held in the Forest Farm home. It was used as a Town Hall, and a curfew bell was placed on the roof. It was later given over for worship and recreational activities of the LDS Church. In 1901, steps were taken to design and build a new meeting house on a lot directly across the street and to the north of the Forest Farm home. When that building was completed and ready for occupancy, heart-felt farewells marked the end of an era. The last church meeting in the Forest Farm home inspired Brigham H. Ashton to pen the lines on this page, which were read during the first meeting held in the newly-completed Forest Dale Ward Chapel on December 6, 1903.

In 1960, the construction of Interstate Highway 15 through the orchards and grounds surrounding the Forest Farm home led to the decision to move the building to its present location in Old Deseret Village at This Is the Place State Park at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. Although it now rests in a setting quite unlike that lush and expansive farm environment of which it was once the veritable center, the Forest Farm home has been restored and refurbished and made available as a picturesque bridge that allows visitors a brief glimpse into a bygone era. ▼

Elaine P. Wilde was a childhood resident of the Forest Dale community who lived within a half-block of the Forest Farm home.

1. Clarissa Young Spencer and Mabel Harmer, Brigham Young at Home, (SLC, UT: Deseret Book, 1940, p. 79-80. 2. Compiled by Golden Jubilee Committee: Fifty Years of Progress of Forest Dale Addition: A Sub-division of the Forest Farm, p. 12. 3. Ibid., p. 12. 4. Ibid., p. 18

PEST



OF

THE

Utah's Pioneers Danced With Those 'Pusillanimous Gluttinuous' Mosquitoes

PLAINS

by *Melvin L. Bashore*

A trip across the plains is calculated to try any and every person to the very core.”¹

Having crossed the plains several times, Orson Hyde was eminently qualified to offer this assessment. Although he was referring more to human relations than to the natural rigors of the trail, he might very well have been remembering the brushes he had with mosquitoes on his journeys back and forth to Utah. For every emigrant crossing the plains, mosquitoes were an unavoidable bane of trail life and they tried many “to the very core.”

Mosquitoes were particularly troublesome along certain stretches of the trail bordering the Platte River in Nebraska. But after visiting Martin's Cove and Rock Creek last July, I can attest to the fact that the pioneers encountered them in Wyoming, too. One of my married sons was with us on our visit to Martin's Cove. He had never seen that part of Wyoming and was ecstatic about the beauty of the land. As we neared Devil's Gate and the Sun Ranch, he asked, “Why didn't the pioneers just stop here?” We also wondered why they didn't—until we got out of the car at the visitor center. The place was alive with mosquitoes—and we had forgotten to bring the repellent! We got our cart at the center and off we went, keeping in constant motion in an attempt to keep the pesky insects at bay. Hands and arms waving in the air, heads twitching—anything to try to prevent them from landing on us and biting! You couldn't even take a drink from a water bottle without a couple of the little fellows flying up your nostrils. My wife proposed a theory: that mosquitoes were the real reason and motivation for the pioneers coming all the way to Utah. They kept moving so they wouldn't get eaten alive.

Over 70 pioneer diaries and reminiscences mention encounters with mosquitoes. As a selection of these narratives attests, these pesky little insects drove the pioneers batty!

British-born Thomas O. King crossed the plains to Utah in 1853. After finishing the journey, he wrote that he had seen “Indians by the hundreds, buffalo by the thousands and mosquitoes by the billions.”² The count of billions might have been a fanciful exaggeration, but his memory of those awful days and nights when under attack by mosquitoes were undoubtedly dear.

During the course of Mormon emigration, mosquitoes attacked every company without discrimination. Horace K. Whitney traveled with Brigham Young's advance company in 1847. At Green River in Wyoming, he wrote that there was “no lack of musquitos at this place,” and “they... put in their bills this evening like a creditor to a debtor.”³ Some wrote about their encounters with the insects as if it were a military battle. Scotsman John Young Smith traveled with a handcart company in 1859. Along the Platte River, they engaged in a night skirmish with “thousands” of mosquitoes. He wrote, “A dreadful fight is kept up all night, next morning we were showing each other the many wounds we had received in the engagement.”⁴

While the Saints were traveling, the passing breezes and bodily movement made it difficult for the insects to alight and find purchase. The annoying pests made their presence most known when the company stopped to rest or camp. Smoke and wind were the only elements that could keep mosquitoes at bay. One keeper of a company journal in 1859 wrote, “The mosquitoes were so troublesome that large fires had to be made to smoke the insects off.”⁵ Children cried all night because the insects bit them unmercifully.⁶ The eyes of some were swollen shut with bites.⁷ In defense, the people pitched their tents close to and downwind from the campfire smoke. This positioning still wasn't good enough for one lady who got up in the middle of the night so she could sit right in the thick of the smoke next to the campfire. She sat there all night.⁸

Evening and night were the worst times for mosquitoes—no rest for the weary. The troublesome sleepless nights made such an impression on one Mormon pioneer traveling to Utah from Texas that he wrote some lyrics for the occasion, sung to the tune of “Oh, Susannah”:

*I had a dream the other night
when all around was still*

*I thought I had a mosquito bite
and a thrust from his sharp bill.*

*The moon it looked so very
bright, its rays on the water shone,*

*I tried to sleep away that night,
but alas, for us there's none.*

*O! mosquito, don't you sing so
free.*

*I'd rather you were singing at
the bottom of the sea.⁹*

Mosquitoes particularly liked to attend Mormon meetings held on the plains, especially those

where the speeches and prayers were lengthy. A down-and-back teamster described one such meeting in 1861: “In the evening a meeting was held in camp, but the mosquitoes were there first and stay there they would. They sang at the opening song during service, and at the closing, and finally sung all night. Tried to sleep but they pulled me out of bed.”¹⁰

Sundays ordinarily were a day of rest if a company could locate a good camping place. One company tried to hold a Sunday meeting on the plains, but the mosquitoes got the upper hand. The captain of this company wrote, “We arose at 6 o'clock; had singing and prayers and at 8 a.m. a meeting was appointed but we could not hold it on account of the mosquitoes being so troublesome.”¹¹

Fortunate were the companies that had musicians to strike up a dance around evening campfires. Such entertainment broke up the monotonous drudgery of daily trudging in trail ruts. An interesting variation of this trail side diversion was experienced by one unfortunate company: “We had a gay ball this evening. We had the large and renowned band of minstrels composed of mosquitoes which kept us dancing all night.”¹²

It paints a romantic picture, doesn't it? Dancing on the plains in the moonlight to the rhythmic strains of “Mosquito's Minstrel Band.”

After a dusty day on the trail, a bath in the river at night was usually in order. One out-and-back teamster was chased from his bath by mosquitoes that claimed territorial rights. He wrote, “We found mosquitoes there. They got the start, and stayed there, and very soon got rid of us.”¹³ Another pioneer whose company was camped in a clump of willows came under attack by a swarm of mosquitoes when he went to fetch water from a spring. He wrote, “I went with two buckets, one

in each hand, but the mosquitoes covered both hands and face, and I had to set my bucket down to brush them off, but they came right back. I had to blow them out of my mouth until I reached the campfire smoke.”¹⁴

One young non-Mormon man traveling in a Mormon outfit set forth his flamboyant feelings: “I had often heard it said that the aunt [sic] is the smartest little insect, but I would like to know what insect could make a fellow smart wor[s], than those little insignificant pusillanimous glutinous animals of the sm[a]ller tribes.”¹⁵

For the Utah pioneers, the lowly mosquito created sizeable problems far outweighing his size. ▼

Melvin L. Bashore is a librarian in the Church Historical Department.

1. [Orson Hyde], “Things to Be Remembered in Crossing the Plains,” *Frontier Guardian*, 14 November 1851. 2. Thomas O. King, Autobiographical sketch, pp. [1,3], Historical Department Archives Division, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, hereafter cited as LDS Church Archives. 3. Horace K. Whitney, *Journal*, 2 July 1847, p. 100, Typescript, LDS Church Archives. 4. John Young Smith, *Diary*, 12 June 1859, in Ila May Fisher Maughan, Joseph McKay-Martha Blair: Their Progenitors, Posterity and Lineal Lines—A Documented History, 1135-1967 (privately printed, 1967), p. 41. 5. Horace S. Eldredge Emigrating Company, *Journal*, 18 June 1859, Microfilm of holograph, LDS Church Archives. 6. Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt, “Autobiography of Margaret Miller Watson DeWitt,” *Relief Society Magazine* 16, no. 7 (July 1929): 382. 7. Stephen Forsdick, *Autobiography*, p. 18, Typescript, LDS Church Archives. 8. Angelina Farley, *Diary*, 27 July 1850, Microfilm of holograph, LDS Church Archives. 9. Philip W. Hosking, *Camp journal*, 20 July 1856, in *Journal History of the Church*, 17 September 1856, p. 3, hereafter cited as *Journal History*. 10. Zebulon Jacobs, *Reminiscences and diaries*, 2 Aug. 1861, Microfilm of holograph, LDS Church Archives. 11. Miner G. Atwood, *Journal*, 20 Aug. 1865, in *Journal History*, 8 Nov. 1865, p. 11. 12. Jacobs, *Reminiscences and diaries*, 3 Aug. 1861. 13. *Ibid.*, 4 Aug. 1861. 14. Fredrick Weight, “A Short History of the Life of Fredrick Weight by Himself,” mimeographed, p. 9. 15. Ossian F. Taylor, *Journal*, pp. 19-20, Photocopy of typescript, LDS Church Archives.



Mosquitoes
were the
real reason
and
motivation
for the
pioneers
coming all
the way to
Utah. They
kept moving
so they
wouldn't get
eaten alive.

A meeting
was
appointed
but we could
not hold it
on account
of the
mosquitoes
being so
troublesome.”



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Trail of Honor, Trail of Tears

David's arms were weary—so weary—as he neared the end of his personal trail of tears. His youngest child, Benjamin, had seemed so small and frail during his last days, as illness ravaged the 5-year-old. But now, as David carried the boy's lifeless body, wrapped only in a thin quilt of well-worn homespun, his burden felt overwhelmingly heavy—almost more than he could bear.

The decision to follow their faith West had seemed so clear when he and his wife, Mary, began the journey in the mid-1800s. Their sons, Jonah and Benjamin, were young, but they were full of energy and anxious for the adventure of the trek. And even though Mary was pregnant, she was unafraid of childbirth on the trail. She hadn't had a moment's trouble bringing Jonah and Benjamin into the world; there was no reason to think this delivery would be any different.

But it was—excruciatingly so. The constant jostling of the wagon over rough terrain brought on the pains of labor weeks before her time. As a violent thunderstorm swirled through the encampment, Mary gave birth to twin daughters. One was stillborn; the other died in Mary's arms a few hours later. David buried them, side by side, in a shallow grave by the side of the trail.

"Maybe we should stay here for a while," David suggested as the rest of the wagon train prepared to leave. "You need to rest. We could catch up to the others later."

"No!" Mary insisted. "We'll never survive on our own. We've got to move on."

And so they moved on. But Mary was never the same after that. She refused to take nourishment to recover her strength, and at night she wept for her lost babies. David was in anguish as he

watched his beloved wife wasting away, but he didn't know what to do for her besides continuing to push toward a better life for their family in the West. Finally, about two weeks after burying his infant daughters, David dug another shallow grave for Mary.

David wanted to stop for a while to allow the family's deep wounds time to heal. But there just wasn't time. That was life on the trail. You stopped for birthing and for dying—and then you moved on. You turned your focus on the living, which is precisely what David did. And he didn't like what he saw. Somehow, during Mary's illness, he hadn't noticed the dark circles that were forming around Benjamin's eyes, or how listless and lethargic the boy had become.

"I don't feel so good, Papa," Benjamin said before going to bed just three days after Mary died. David cradled his son in his arms as life ebbed from him. "Don't leave me here, Papa," the little boy said just moments before he died. "Take me to Mama. Please—take me to Mama."

"It doesn't make any sense," the wagonmaster told David when informed of his intention to carry Benjamin's body back to Mary's grave. "God knows, you've had more than your share of sorrow. But the boy is dead—it won't help him to take him back to his mama."

"It will help me," David said. "I gave him my word. I have to go."

"But what about your other son?"

"He's fine," David said. "He'll stay with another family until I get back."

The wagonmaster hesitated. "We can't wait for you," he said. "We've got to move on."

"I know," David said. "I'll catch up when I can. But if I don't — watch out for Jonah."

And so David began his pilgrimage, trudging mile after heartbreaking mile, night and day, with a burden of sadness in his heart and in his arms, to make good on his final promise to his dying son. He fought his way through exhaustion, despair and the growling investigations of curious wolves to tenderly lay his little boy in his mother's arms. And then he turned his face again to the West, and its bright promise of hope for the future for him and for Jonah.

And he moved on. ▽



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Chapter Dedicates Monument to Unique Utah Pioneer

Twenty-one members of the Pioneer Heritage Chapter braved a cold winter morning recently to attend the dedication of a new marker over the grave of a Murray, Utah, pioneer and an interesting figure from LDS Church history.

Elder Robert Dellenbach of the LDS Church First Quorum of Seventy spoke and re-dedicated the grave and new marker for Mahonri Moriancumer Cahoon. When Cahoon was born in 1834, his father, Reynolds Cahoon, asked Joseph Smith to give his newborn son a name and a blessing. The LDS prophet gave him the name Mahonri Moriancumer Cahoon, explaining that although the name was not mentioned in the Book of Mormon's book of Ether, it had just been revealed to him that Mahonri Moriancumer was the name of the brother of Jared.

The Cahoon family came to Utah with the pioneers, eventually settling in the Murray area. When Mahonri Moriancumer Cahoon died, a wooden marker was placed on his grave. Through the years, it aged and deteriorated until it was destroyed.

And that wasn't acceptable to members of the Pioneer Heritage Chapter, who felt this pioneer memorial needed to be preserved. Sterling Clark, Ortho Fairbanks and Delbert Fowler headed the chapter's efforts to secure a new permanent headstone for the grave in the pioneer section of the Murray City

Cemetery (5600 South 900 East). Hans Monument Company did the engraving and furnished the 3- by 4-foot granite stone, which features a depiction of an open copy of the book of Mormon and a brief explanation of Cahoon's unique place in Utah and Mormon pioneer history.



SETTLEMENT CANYON CHAPTER

To the Top of Big Mountain —and Beyond

Forty-nine members of the Settlement Canyon Chapter traveled to Evanston, Wyo., last fall as the first leg of a full day along the pioneer trail. After lunch, the traveled along the trail from Evanston to Salt Lake City, making numerous stops along the way and visiting many places of historical interest, including memorable sites such as the top of Big Mountain. James Bevan and Harold and Barbara Barlow were in charge of the trek.

Submitted by George A. McKellar

JORDAN RIVER TEMPLE CHAPTER

Chapter Meetings Spiced With Variety

Gene Bond of the Jordan River Temple Chapter reports that "our meetings are always outstanding, with pot luck dinners followed by an outstanding program."

Featured in recent programs were Daryl Lehmitz, who entertained with cowboy poetry; Ken Verdoia, senior producer at KUED who spoke about his



five-hour documentary, "Utah: The Struggle for Statehood;" and Mike Dunn, captain of the handcart company that recently participated in the Sesquicentennial pioneer trek from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City.

Jordan River Temple Chapter meetings are held at the Riverton Senior Center on the second Thursday of each month at 6:30 p.m.

Submitted by Gene Bond

WASHINGTON CHAPTER

New Officers Are Elected

New officers were elected recently in the Washington Chapter. They include: Derwin Orgille, president; Robert Webb, president-elect; Millard Talbot, secretary; and Richard Mendenhall, treasurer. ▼



Submitted by Clarence Foy



NEW MEMBERS

E. Ray Anderson (CM)	Brett W. Hastings (USRV)	Merle C. Parkinson (USRV)
Warren E. Babcock (TF)	Ray W. Hellberg (BH)	Max Peterson (TF)
Allan B. Barker (WASH)	James S. Hurst (MILLS)	Farrell Pugmire (WASH)
Raymond C. Berger (WASH)	Marcus Johnson (CM)	Carl K. Rasmussen (USRV)
Robert W. Bowman (WASH)	Lyle Jones (CM)	Paul W. Rosander (AL)
Eldon Briggs (BH)	Max S. Lamb (TF)	Arthur Bingham Seibold III (AL)
I. Morris Brooks (CM)	Elbert R. Lawrence (SC)	Lee R. Steed (BH)
Jared C. Cornell (AL)	Walter C. Lichfield (CM)	Gordon W. Stewart (AL)
Carroll B. DeMille (WASH)	Kent V. Lott (MILLS)	Mildred E. Talbot (WASH)
John A. Dunn (MILLS)	Ray Maloney (HV)	Robert H. Teichert (BY)
Coy L. Durfee (BH)	Richard B. McAllister (BV)	Max L. Turner (WASH)
G. Clinton Dymock (SC)	James S. McCullough (SC)	Stanley Watts (EMC)
Howard L. Egan (USRV)	James S. McKendrick (SC)	Lawry Wilde (AL)
Woodrow E. Evans (BY)	Melvin E. Mecham (TF)	Richard Nephi Williams (AL)
Harold R. Gaisford Jr. (AL)	Michael H. Morrill (TF)	Ralph A. Woodward Sr. (AL)
C. Udall Green (BV)	Kerry D. Nelson (HV)	Abram Owen Young Jr. (CM)
Richard M. Hansen (SC)	Karl Y. Newren (CM)	
Virgil L. Harris (ME)	Boyd Ellertson Olson (ME)	

*In loving memory
of our SUP brothers
who have recently
joined their pioneer
forebears on the
other side of the veil:*

CHAPTER ETERNAL

Francis H. Baugh, 71
Logan, Utah
Temple Fork Chapter

Horace P. Beesley
Bountiful, Utah
South Davis Chapter

J. Harold Burgon, 85
South Jordan, Utah
Murray Chapter

Parley W. Coon, 81
Magna, Utah
Oquirrh Mountain Chapter

Gordon H. Diehl
Bountiful, Utah
South Davis Chapter

Dilworth Harper Marchant, 84
Sandy, Utah

DeLoy McMullin, 81
South Jordan, Utah

John "Jack" Nielsen, 90
Provo, Utah.

Dean T. Perry
Bountiful, Utah
South Davis Chapter

Charles Edward Pitts
Salt Lake City, Utah
Temple Quarry Chapter

Roy Addison Richey, 92
Salt Lake City

Arlo Dean Riddle, 80
Salt Lake City, Utah

Homer G. Roberts, 84
Mesa, Arizona
Mesa Chapter

Melvin Rogers
Farmington, Utah
South Davis Chapter

William H. Sharp
Tooele, Utah
Settlement Canyon Chapter

Reed C. Taylor
Ogden, Utah
Ogden Pioneer Chapter

Wheatley J. Taylor
Ogden, Utah
Ogden Pioneer Chapter

Marvin LeRoy Turpin, 77
Murray, Utah
Murray Chapter

Chris Weyland
Tooele, Utah
Settlement Canyon Chapter

Howard J. Widdison
Hooper, Utah
Ogden Pioneer Chapter

PIONEER REJOICES IN THE LIVES OF THESE GOOD MEN, AND EXTENDS ITS SYMPATHIES AND GOOD WISHES TO FAMILIES AND LOVED ONES.

Peace Offerings

The early pioneers who settled Ephraim, Utah, were often the victims of outlaw Indians. Bands of warriors would swoop down from the hills to steal or maim the settlers' horses or to harass the farmers working in the fields.

One summer morning, Charles John Christensen and his brother, Hyrum, were sent to the foothills above Ephraim to keep a lookout for Indians—and to run like the wind with a warning for the settlers if any were spotted. They were just young boys, and as they left home their mother kissed them tenderly and handed them a sack of sandwiches and a big bag filled with freshly baked cookies to help them while away the long hours of their watch.

It was hot—very hot—and after they had walked a few miles into the hills, the boys found some shade under a tall sage bush by a little valley called Pigeon Holler. There they settled down to begin their vigil. It was peaceful and quiet in their shady retreat. Except for the birds circling above them in the clear blue sky, nothing seemed to be moving. The brothers reached into the sacks their mother had given them and began to enjoy their lunch. They didn't even hear the rustling in the bushes, or the stealthy footsteps of the small band of Indians that suddenly burst upon them in full war paint, whooping and hollering.

The two boys were paralyzed with fear as the warriors danced around them, yelling and shaking their war clubs. They were even more frightened when the warriors stopped dancing and stood staring at them mutely. Then the Indians began to argue, pointing at the boys while their words to one another grew louder and in the look in their eyes grew fiercer.

Still motionless and with their eyes riveted on the Indians, Charles John and Hyrum began to whisper to one another. What could they do? Should they fall down on their knees and beg for mercy? Or should they make a break for it now, while their captors were engrossed in this terrifying argument, and hope to outrun the warriors with a warning for the settlers.

The Indians' conversation stopped abruptly, and they again turned their

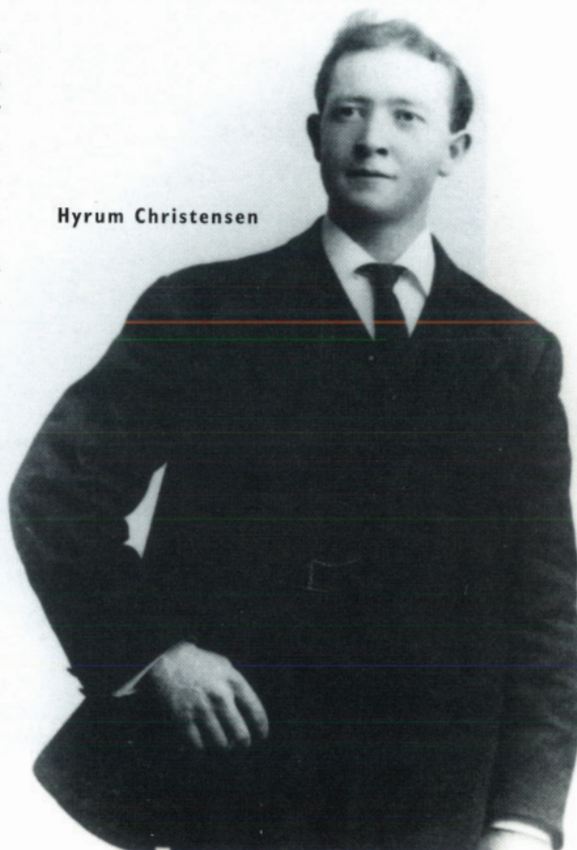
attention toward the boys. In that moment, without any real awareness of what he was doing, Charles John found himself picking up the just-opened bag of cookies and extending it toward the painted faces. One of the warriors jerked the bag from the boy, seized a cookie and clamped it between his teeth. Then he reached for another. After a long moment, he turned and held the bag out to his companions, who hungrily stuffed the cookies into their mouths.

After the cookies were gone, the Indians began once again to argue among themselves. But now the tone of their voices was quieter and their gestures less menacing. At last they looked at the two boys, raised their left palms in a peace sign and turned and disappeared into the sage-covered hillocks just as silently as they had come.

For a long moment the two stunned boys stood looking at each other. Then they took off running, covering the distance to Ephraim in record time. The day had been saved for the Christensen brothers—and for the settlers who were depending upon them—thanks to a bag of cookies baked by a loving pioneer mother. ▼

Lois G. Jensen is the firstborn grandchild of Charles John Christensen.

Hyrum Christensen



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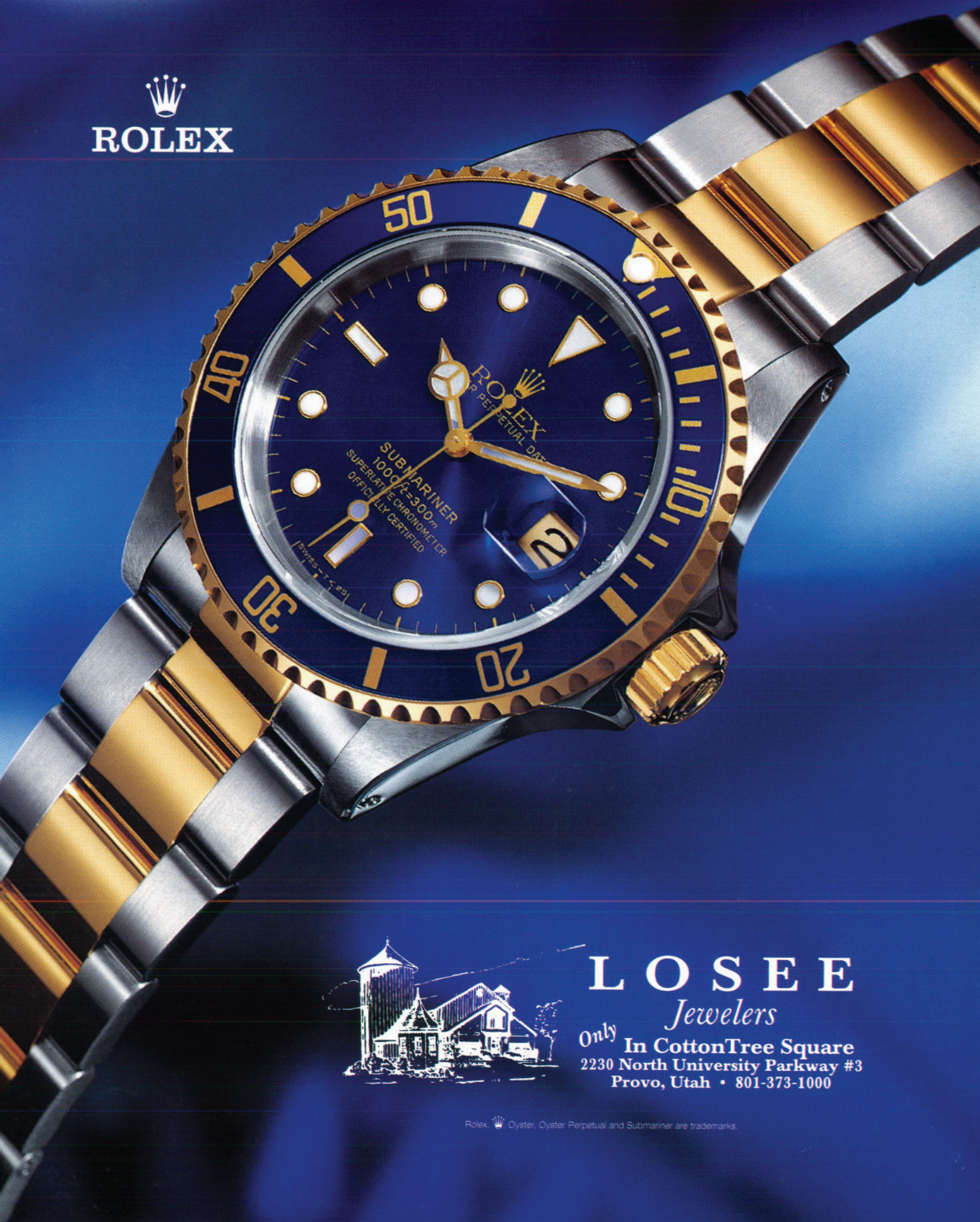
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